

# PEOPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

**C**OULD the Queen take the Crown with her when she goes in State to open the Canadian Parliament? Various writers from time to time have stated that it is against the law for the Sovereign to take the Crown out of the country. One of them, dealing with the point recently, admitted, on being asked when and by whom this ruling was given: "There I am floored." I can enlighten him.

My colleague Valentine Heywood, author of "British Titles," tells me categorically that no one can claim to any statute in support of this view. The most that can be claimed is a very dubious tradition. The only provision on the statute book referring to the crown is Article 24 in the Act of Union, which provides that the Crown of Scotland with the Sceptre and the Sword of State shall continue to be kept in Scotland itself.

The one document which can be cited in support of the view that the Crown of England cannot be taken out of the country is the indictment preferred against Richard II on his enforced abdication. One of its thirty-five charges was that he had taken the Crown jewels with him on that visit to Ireland from which he returned to find himself the prisoner of his usurping cousin, Henry of Lancaster. But it must be remembered that Richard's enemies were casting round for every argument and any complaint which could be made against him.

## The State Crown

That is the sole discoverable basis in support of the "tradition." But even if it were admitted in regard to St. Edward's Crown (with which the Sovereign is actually crowned) because of its historic association with England, can it be argued that the "tradition" applies equally to the State Crown, originally made for Queen Victoria in 1838, which the Queen wore after the actual ceremony and wears at the opening of each Parliament?

Most of our Sovereigns possessed more than one crown and some of them were actually crowned with one which was not St. Edward's Crown.

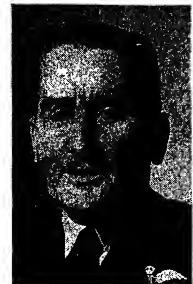
There seems no sound reason, either in law or tradition, why the Sovereign, opening Parliaments in "her other Realms," to use the wording of her title, should not wear the State Crown with which she opens Parliament in this country. Of course, if precedents are required for State ceremonies in these other Realms, the Queen has already set them for herself. When she opened Parliaments in Canberra, New South Wales and New Zealand she wore her Coronation robes with a tiara.

## Friends of America

**N**OW let me predict that Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C., will be an outstanding success in his new appointment as Director-General of the English-Speaking Union. For one thing he was born in Cork, and our American cousins have never regarded the Irish with the same suspicion as the rest of us in the United Kingdom.

Another thing in his favour is a complete lack of pomposity.

An asset of priceless value is his wife—and in America wives are very important. Lady Fogarty is Isolda minus the tonnage which is usually associated with that Wagnerian lady. Her golden hair looks as if the sun is shining directly on it, and her smile is genuine and



Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty.

friendly. Unlike so many wives she listens to her husband's conversation with as much interest as if he were a new acquaintance.

Sir Francis flew in the first war, commanded squadrons during the peace and was in charge of 37 Bomber Squadron in 1940. His vital statistics give him one club—the R.A.F. His visits to America and Canada on aviation affairs have given him a wide selection of acquaintances and friends.

Last year he was A.D.C. to the Queen, and naturally, in his new office, he will follow with lively interest the arrangements for her forthcoming visit to the U.S.A.

There is nothing more important in the world today than the Anglo-American alliance which is none the less real because it does not formally exist. Since we speak the same language it is easy to pin-prick each other, but deep down the English-speaking peoples know that they must stand together or endure the condemnation of history.

## The Return of Mr. Fry

**Y**OU will no doubt remember the heroic "get-away-from-it-all" decision taken by Christopher Fry. As a writer, philosopher and dreamer, he was determined to seek the sweet loneliness of the countryside, where he would have the sun in the morning and the moon by night, except when the cloudy skies hid them from view.

No longer would his senses be ravaged by the snoring and snarling of London street traffic. No longer would the tubercosity of the metropolis crush his creative instinct. He would walk with his thoughts and take inspiration from the stars.

His wife tells us that Mr. Fry has reluctantly come to the conclusion that things have not

worked out as they hoped. The Welsh hills that inspired David Lloyd George have not cast their spell on Mr. Fry, or at any rate not in the same degree. Another factor is that he has to come to London frequently.

It is of course true that Lord Tenyson found inspiration in the country but, with great respect, I think he would have been wiser to have lived in town. Dr. Johnson said that the man who was tired of London was tired of life. Nor is it likely that Charles Dickens would have achieved immortality if he had not spent his formative years in the sprawling city.

At any rate, Mr. Fry's business associates are unlikely to mourn his emergence from Breconshire. They used to make a shocking muddle trying to spell the name of the house—Trebishawn. As for telephon-

ing him, that was out of the question; the exchange being B.W.L.O.H.

## The Colour Problem

**T**HERE is an old saying that racial equality is advocated only by those countries that have no colour problem. I thought of this recently when lunching at the London residence of His Excellency Dr. John Edward Holloway, the South African High Commissioner to London. Incidentally, Dr. Holloway lives in a pleasant residential district in Holland Park where the flower boxes in the windows almost make one feel that it is Bavaria.

He is neither a politician nor a professional philosopher, but a gentle-mannered realist with strong convictions. He was born in the Karroo, one of the driest areas of South Africa, and

became increasingly interested as he grew older in the problems peculiar to South Africa. It is not without interest that he took a post-graduate course in the University of Ghent, where he realised that his prime interest was in the way human societies organised themselves. After a spell at the London School of Economics he taught economics and economic history at the University Colleges in Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

With such a background he naturally brings a depth of understanding to the social problems of his country. He feels that in we in Britain do not realise sufficiently that a great many of the coloured people in South Africa are not indigenous, but came from other territories.

Dr. Holloway is not an emotionalist but he is by no means lacking in human sym-

pathy. Certainly he made the racial policy of his Government more understandable, and he convinced me that the South African Government is striving, not without some success, to ease the colour problem even though it can never be solved completely.

## Clouded Diamond Ball

**T**HAT romantic business the diamond trade casts a long black shadow.

I.D.B. (Illegal Diamond Buying), diamond smuggling, and the illegal digging of diamonds are major industries in the global underworld, and it is only on occasion that a corner of the curtain is lifted and we hear news of its secrets. Last week's news of illegal diamond miners seizing control of Sierra Selection Trust's diamond mining plant at Yengema, in the hinterland of Sierra Leone, for

example, is only one tip of an iceberg which until recently has been a hidden secret of the diamond industry.

During the past months, however, my colleague Ian Fleming, creator of that tough secret-service agent James Bond, has been permitted a first-hand look at the methods the diamond syndicates have



Douglas Glass  
Ian Fleming.

successfully employed against what is without doubt the greatest smuggling racket in the world, involving sums of as much as £10 million in a year.

I predict that his written revelations will make even his own fiction plots seem almost dull by comparison.

## Surprise Reunion?

**I** WAS delighted to learn of a surprising sequel to the recent appearance in "Portrait Gallery" of THE SUNDAY TIMES Head Printer, Mr. "Gus" Wingrove.

In 1919, just demobilised and back in Fleet Street, "Gus" received a letter from his former C.O. on the Western Front: "... how do you enjoy the 'civvies' again? Isn't it lovely not to have to fling one's arms about in salutes, and to feel that no red hat is any concern of ours?" Their ways

then parted, but "Gus" preserved the letter.

Last week another letter reached him, from Fortishead, Somerset, beginning "My dear old Friend..." The writer was that same C.O., now the Reverend Sir Derwent Kermode, one-time Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, and he had learned his old friend's where-

abouts from "Portrait Gallery." "I wish," he said, "there were a chance of getting together and having a really good talk. Alas, that Fortishead is so far from London..."

All the same, I shouldn't be surprised if the old comrades-in-arms met again soon.

## Poor Shakespeare!

**W**HO wrote Shakespeare? Personally I have never doubted that Shakespeare did, but there are people who regard such an acceptance as childish innocence. Now two eminent American cryptologists (William and Elizabeth Friedman) are going to search for the truth, the whole truth and almost nothing but the truth.

Before we scoff, let us note that Colonel Friedman is one of the very few people in America to win both Presidential decorations: the Medal for Merit and the National Security Medal. His wife and collaborator holds the Honorary degree of Doctor of Law. The culmination of Colonel Friedman's career came during the Hitler war when he was head of the U.S. Army Cryptanalytic Bureau that cracked the highest-level Japanese diplomatic cipher-machine system, the so-called "Purple Code" which gave valuable information that included Hitler's intentions in Europe.

Today as cipher experts they are going to give Shakespeare "the works" testing the validity of the claim that hidden messages attribute the work to someone other than Shakespeare himself. Rather disappointingly they lean to the hard-minded, hard-hearted Francis Bacon, who could no more have written "Midsummer Night's Dream" than flown to the moon.

It is a strange bewilderment of the mind that denies Shakespeare the Dramatist as a definite and complete entity.

## People and Words

In Britain today "work" has become a dirty word. People who work hard are regarded as cads, not playing the game.

—MR. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

I'm not talking about my vital statistics. In Moscow we leave those things to the talors.

—KLAUS LITZKE, the Russian actress.

It has sometimes been said that there is one infallible way of filling a church—and that is for the vicar to die.

—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAPE TOWN.

Englishmen make the worst husbands—they are so awfully stingy.

—MISS ZSA ZSA GABOR.